

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

This All Comes Under the Heading of Love

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



A Dog Problem

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Well, I guess there is no help for it. Raffles, I'll have to chain you up. I hate it worse than you will almost. You, the dog, the free, the fearless, the unconquerable, the debonaire, the dashing-you, the most perfect of Apollonian, yellow as a wheatsfield ready to be garnered, where you should be yellow and black as jet as a saddle and tail. And these ears of yours—why, they fairly talk those shaggy, impudent ears.

I saw you saying all kinds of really rather impudent things with those ears to the birds who perchod just out of your reach on a bare and awing limb this very morning.

What on earth is the matter with you, Raffles? Why can't you be good and stay quiet? Why must you behave so scandalously that the only thing to do with you is to tie you up somewhere and with summer would come take you away with us to the mountains, where you and the coyotes can run as free as the wind the living day and half the night?

But no, you must declare war on every bicycle that passes this way; you must make it your affair to run after every grocery wagon and give tongue of deathless defiance to the grocer every time the wheels turn round.

What are you anyhow—a sworn enemy to the Meat Trust?

And the—what have you got against the policeman, tell me that you foolish Raffles, you? Why won't you let him deliver his daily burden without a running fight with you all the way up the back steps and down the yard?

Who told you that the gas collector was an enemy to your mistress? Why, you nearly frightened the honest dog to death every time he dares to come to take the meter, and you let others, on mere social errands bent, walk up and down the steps and never even try to hinder them.

Are you a mind reader, Raffles, and do you know the deep hatred in the hearts of all men toward the meter man? Why won't you speak and tell us once for all of what deep designs do you suspect the letter man?

Why do you hate him so? And who ever told you to run after school children and try to snatch their harmless caps from their unoffending heads? You wouldn't bite them for worlds. We who know you know that. But, then, you see, the school children don't know you, and they fancy their caps some of them.

No, there's no help for it, a chain and a collar for you, Raffles, and I suppose you'll wonder how I can have the heart to do it, and you so faithful and true.

I wish I could explain it to you, Raffles; I really do wish I could. I hate to have you think ill of me for a minute. The opinion of the average citizen is somehow not value very highly. But the good will of the honest dog is not so easily gained. Shall I love you, I wonder, when I snap the chain on your strong neck, and will you hate me, too, when the collar bites and will not let you go?

No, it is not in your heart to hate any whom you have once loved. I might beat you; starve you, drive you out into the worst storm that ever blew, and always you would walk the earth looking, lopeing, looking so eagerly for me. Always you would remember me, always you would know me, no matter how old I grew or how feeble was my step.

You would never look past me to one younger and more alert. You would never smile at my old-fashioned ways—you would never wonder how it was that you ever could have loved me when life was young and all the trees were a bloom.

Tell me, on wash days, when the lines are full of howling people, some slender, some tall, some short, some blowed to mammoth size, what do you intend to do? Declare a war on them or—well, there's no getting away from it, Raffles, you really are what my high-born friends would love to call a "problem." And yet, somehow, I'm just primitive enough to like you right down to the bottom of my heart. I wonder if it is just because you like me so much.

Business of a Cane.
Lots of alleged stolen sweets are merely sugar-coated.

The only time many a man gets any bouquets is at his funeral. It is said that figures never lie, but sometimes they won't stand, either. A soft answer turneth away wrath, which is more than a short one generally does.

Smattering Ambition

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Fortunately for the child starting to school, there is only one way for the beginning of all knowledge.

After it has mastered the foundation, and reached, alas, the precocious age when it has also mastered its parents, there are many branches on the path to learning, and the studies are as numerous and varied as the desires of the most capricious student. If the child is a boy he has no desire for any of the superficial trimmings. It is hard enough, he argues, to learn what one really needs, and get through. Why add a lot of foolish extras a fellow never needs in earning his living?

With the girl it is different, and it is the girl who is interested in it in this article. We will call her Angelica, that being the sort of a name she would have given herself at this stage of her life had she been in a position to do her own christening.

Angelica knows a little spelling. She does not murder the King's English in the shameful manner of a few frequently and unwittingly state him to death in some unrequited alley of speech. She knows the capitals of most of the states, and at one time knew how to order paper for a room with the wall measurements given and a bay window thrown in.

She has begun to wear her hair higher and her skirts lower at this period of her brain development, and with the knowledge that she is no longer a child comes the desire to add a few foolish mental trimmings. Her parents, blindly proud, give her the reins, and the result is a smattering of what they proudly call "accomplishments" that drain the father's purse and strain the friendship of all who know the family.

She takes just enough lessons in instrumental music to become a nuisance. She studies singing just enough to confirm her opinion that she has a voice. She paints just enough to perpetrate results that are most hideous, and she carves, pounds brass, burns wood and embroders, and attempts the thousand and one kinds of foolishness that at their best are usually only mediocre, and at their worst, adorn the house from the parlor to the dining room cabinet and overflows into the home of helpless friends.

And all at a cost of one single line of instruction in which she might have come at least proficient enough to know how little she knows, or have acquired a working knowledge whereby she might have earned her living.

She scattered herself too much. Had she concentrated her energies along one line she would, at the very least, have escaped becoming what all similarly "accomplished" girls become—a neighborhood nuisance.

When you are tired at night, and a mad race up and down the piano keys next door keeps you awake, that's Angelica playing.

When about to drop off into sleep, what's finest heritage you hear a wailing that transcends high G, that's Angelica singing.

Where you are visiting terms, you would be shown blue cliffs boiling against a green sea—that's Angelica's painting; and you would lean your tired shoulders against a pillow cushion decorated with pink violets and purple forget-me-nots—Angelica's embroidery—and you would be offered tea in a cup she painted on a brass tray she hammered.

Angelica is accomplished! And in this practical, matter-of-fact world, in these days when specialization and concentration are all in all to one who wants results to be worth while, at what a stupendous cost!

My dear girl, don't be an Angelica! If you cannot do as many as two things well, do only one! And let that one thing be the absorbing ambition of your life, not a time-frittering trimming which the foolish call an "accomplishment."

Whatever you do, girls, don't smatter!

Captain Scott

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

The world is waiting to welcome him. Back from the fies. And the vast plateau. Regions dreary and dead and dim. As brave as Jason, who knew and peared. Until he had found the Golden Fleece. He fought his way with his hero heart. With never a guide and never a start. Till he fell exhausted across the goal. Thus did the Captain find the Pole.

The Captain is gone and the Pole is here. But the Pole is part of a petty sphere. Where the hero found it the Pole will stay. While the Captain has journeyed far away.

For the soul of a Man can live, and must. After a planet has turned to dust.

Here's a Champion of Rag-Time Dance

Turkey Trot is Uplifting, Says Woman Writer

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Let me present the champion of the modern dances; the first non-professional person with the courage of her convictions, who stands up for the "Turkey Trot," and almost convinced me after a few minutes' talk that the "Bunny Hug" and the "Tango" were agents of morality and first cousins, once removed, of the uplift.

Ladies and Gentlemen—Mrs. Arthur Henry, better known to the public as "Daisy Kummer," the author of "Dearie" and other charming songs, a writer of clever books and plays, and altogether a most perplexing versatile person, whose talents evidently include dancing.

"If we don't grow into a nation of money grabbing despotisms it will be owing to the influence of the 'Turkey Trot,'" announced Mrs. Henry, as calm as you please and as if it were quite a matter of course.

"Business men who rushed through their dinner and bolted their food with fatal results in the past, now hear the inviting strains of the 'Trot' and get up and take a turn between courses. The coarser sort is really a health giving institution, especially at those restaurants wherever one can join the dance if the spirit moves them."

"As a nation we never knew how to play before the arrival of the 'Trot,' and it is proved that people were just waiting for the chance because everyone is doing it," Mrs. Kummer-Henry did not hum the words, but sat down at the piano and sang the funniest little song that just voiced the general attitude of the Philistine who wishes he could and doesn't dare try.

And the song was so clever and the singer so charming and pretty that I felt she could convince any one of anything if she only put her mind on it. Mrs. Henry still had her hands on the piano keys and began to "rag."

"I wonder sometimes if we aren't put in this world just to use the convictions that we started with," she murmured.

A theory like that is intellectual quicksand and when it's put forth to the accompaniment of subtle seductive rags no person can resist. My feet were keeping time to the music.

"But the influence of the 'Trot' is most demoralizing. It's a very vulgar dance," I protested in vain. Mrs. Henry, her husband, who had joined us, and her pretty daughter, who looks young enough to be the sister of her clever mamma, in a day when all girls are the natural chaperons of their mothers, all of them disputed my views.

"Vulgar people will make any dance vulgar, just as they will use vulgar language," insisted Mrs. Henry calmly in a manner that wiped all such people off the landscape.

As a matter of fact, in trotting, the couple come no nearer together than in the old-fashioned dances. They don't get as close to each other as they do in the waltz.

"But the trot has had a very bad effect on the morals of the young people," I insisted. Mrs. Henry and her daughter looked at me in clear-eyed astonishment. You couldn't make the author of "Dearie," a song that has made more love matches than any other musical piece, believe that music is demoralizing.

"The 'Trot' has brought comedy into the dance," was her answer. "People who need to dance for their health and their spirits, old people who were afraid of venturing to join the young people, now get up and trot with the best of them. Grandpa and grandma can trot without fear of being ridiculous, because if they are funny, why it's just part of the dance. And they need to dance. All people do. The 'Turkey Trot' is popular because it gives people an outlet, an innocent, natural expression of their feelings. It stimulates as well as kindles the joy of living and the best proof that people crave such an outlet is that all classes and all kinds of people are trotting."

I knew that Mrs. Henry was right. A celebrated dancing teacher told me only a week or so ago that the 'Trot' had virtually supplanted the waltz. "Writers with large waistlines and bald heads who have written long articles denouncing it are standing on the side to excel in modified versions of the dance they have despised. Social workers are up in it, though they disapprove."

"But you must admit that synchronized time, or ragtime, has a bad effect on the nerves," I felt quite sure of myself here addressing the audience.

"Ragtime used to be," said Mrs. Kummer-Henry, "a very simple and innocent movement of the feet."

"I threw up my hands," Mrs. Henry said.

For the soul of a Man can live, and must. After a planet has turned to dust.



MRS. ARTHUR HENRY.

"The American nation needs to dance. We need just the natural relaxation that the 'Trot' gives us because as a nation we never before have learned to play as people in other countries do where the chase for money is not as fast and furious as it is here. Any one can trot. Most people can go to the theater, see how it's done there and try it at supper afterward. Yes, and you can say, if you want, that they drink less because they dance more. What is the use of when the trot in its various modifications is virtually the only dance that is being done anywhere?"

She was still "ragging" on the piano a very plaintive, subtle, insidious sort of tune, and I was almost convinced that she was right.

My shaky principles bade me depart, which I did hastily, murmuring, "I think she's wrong. I think she's wrong," and then I found I was humming and keeping step to that same rag trot.

PREPARATION

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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We must not force events, but rather make The heart soft ready for their coming, as The earth spreads carpets for the feet of Spring, Or, with the strengthening tonic of the frost, Prepares for Winter. Should a July noon Burst suddenly upon a frozen world Small joy would follow, even tho' that world Were longing for the summer. Should the sting Of sharp December pierce the heart of June, What death and devastation would ensue! All things are planned. The most majestic sphere That whirls through space is governed and controlled By supreme law, as is the blade of grass Which through the bursting bosom of the earth Creeps up to kiss the light. Poor puny man Alone doth strive and battle with Force Which rules all lives and worlds, and he alone Demands effect before producing cause. How vain the hope! We cannot harvest joy Until we sow the seed, and God alone Knows when that seed has ripened. Oft we stand And watch the ground with anxious brooding eyes, Complaining of the slow unfruitful yield, Not knowing that the shadow of ourselves Keeps off the sunlight and delays result. Sometimes our fierce impatience of desire Doth, like a sultry May, force tender shoots To ripen prematurely, and we reap But disappointment; or we rot the germs. But bring tears are they have time to grow. While stars are born and mighty planets die And hissing comets scorch the brow of space, The Universe keeps its eternal calm. Through patient preparation, year on year, The earth endures the travail of the Spring And Winter's desolation. So our souls In grand submission to a higher law Should move serene through all the ills of life, Relieving them masked joy.

Dr. Parkhurst's Article on Philanthropy—A Striking Example of it on the East Side—The Common People Basis of Society.

By C. H. PARKHURST.

The injunction of Scripture is to give, hoping for nothing again. It is a long step in the direction of that to give, hoping for only a little gain—Philanthropy with a return of only three, instead of six per cent. In such a scheme there is moral advantage to the philanthropist, along with a little revenue thrown in, and it is really better for the recipient to pay something for what he receives than get something for nothing.

There is a beneficiary, at the same time remunerative, enterprise of that description recently established on the lower East Side. Some forty years ago a child was born on Avenue B, at the corner of Fifth street, whose excellent home training, along with unusual powers with which he seems to have been endowed, has enabled him to fill a large sphere of useful activity. He remained at home until he was 14 years old. His first venture was as a newsboy, which yielded small returns, which were, however, carefully accumulated and turned into the domestic treasury. He subsequently tried a variety of enterprises, which neither met his ideal, satisfied his ambition nor materially added to his possessions.

His attention was finally drawn to the moving picture business, with such accompaniments of the musical and dramatic arts as should furnish the public with rational and honorable entertainment, for he has from the first held tenaciously to the purpose of offering to his patrons nothing that is off color or upon which unfavorable criticism can be passed. His ambition has been to give a good thing at rates that would fall within the means of those who could not afford to pay high prices.

Just about a year ago he visited the spot where he was born, and observed the deterioration and rather tumbled-down condition of the district. Although he had in the meantime become financially prosperous, his memories bound him to the old site, and his sympathies identified him still with the east side, so he determined to do something to lighten up and brighten up the neighborhood of his old home.

While standing looking at the house in which he was born he met the pastor of the church, almost directly opposite, and said to him: "What would you think of the idea of putting up exactly on this spot a big theater that should give a little life and pleasant variety to this discouraged and dilapidated section of the town; something that would, without being expensive, break in upon the weary monotony of the tired people?"

The clergyman heartily endorsed the scheme.

That was just a year ago. The theater is now erected and completed, standing on the exact spot of the founder's birth. His original plan was to put into it a sum not exceeding \$300,000, but his ambition expanded with the progress of the enterprise, and the total cost has been a little in excess of \$700,000.

In the midst of a slow neighborhood it stands for progress. In the midst of a region in which there is not a great deal of pleasure, the building stands for life on its brighter side. There is in it a certain power of uplift. It is not a church. It is not a college, but its tendency will be to lift a little the thoughts of people off from the ground and out of deep rut.

The theater seats 2,500 people, and, with its marble and tapestries, is a fine piece of architecture. It will raise the value of property as well as the value of people. Admission fees varies from 10 to 25 cents. The night I was there, the third evening after the opening, it occupied a box for which I paid 25 cents. Everything was taken. The audience was made up of people from the East side, and was orderly, attentive and interested. The program consisted of "movies," music and dramatics.

The whole thing is interesting and suggestive. The opportunity afforded these people is appreciated. They know a good thing when they see it. So long as it remains in the hands of its originator and proprietor it will not be allowed to cater to depraved tastes. On the contrary, he will hold it up to just as high a tone as circumstances will allow, for it is an educational enterprise, as well as an entertaining and financial one. The promise is that it is going to meet expenses, with a surplus.

Of all the eighty or so enterprises of a similar character that are under his management, there is apparently none in which both his heart and purse are so deeply interested. The general tendency of people who have large money to lay out for the improvement of the race is to put it into institutions intended to serve the interests of those whose interests are already pretty well attended to. It is said that when a rich Bostonian dies without leaving a legacy to Harvard university that fact is considered ground for breaking his will. It will be a good thing for the improvement of the human "breed" when it comes to be recognized that it is the common people that constitute the basis of society, and that the solidity of any society depends on a great deal more on what is put in at the bottom than on what is laid on at the top.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I had to cuff a fellow one in the Subway today, and I hated to do it, Pa. Ned. Nobody wants to fite wen he knows that he is so much stronger than the man that he is going to battle with. It always leaves a man feeling kind of mean to know that he has overcame somebody who was not his mental or physical equal. At least, Pa said, that is the way it always seemed to me.

Well, well, and Ma, tell us all about it & let us have it over with. Who was the fellow that you cuffed?

Oh, it was this way, Pa. He was setting down & there was a pretty little girl standing up next to me. She was standing rite in front of the man that was setting down, & the big brute didn't make the slightest move to get up. When I gazed at her flower-like face, Pa, & saw the look of weariness in her violet eyes & the pathetic droop of her graceful shoulders, I almost made up my mind that the age of shivlry is ded & ded forever. Doant you think so yerself?

Pa asked Ma.

Ma acted kind of funny. She didn't answer Pa's question at all but she asked him one. Dear Knight, she sed to Pa, brave champion of week woman-kind, tell me moar about this queen with the violet eyes. Was she a good conversationalist?

Why sed Pa, the very idee that you shud think that a young girl like that wud presume to talk to a man without an introduction. The idee is preposterous, sed Pa.

I know it is, sed Ma, but you mite at least tell me if she sed a single thing to you that showed her to be a sensibell woman insted of a romantic girl.

What makes you think that a young girl wud talk to me without an introduction? sed Pa. You never tried to talk to me befoer we was introduced. Cum to think of it, tho, sed Pa, you talked to me first, at that.

I did no such thing, sed Ma. I was walking along & looking at the country fair at Colfax, & I spok to you thinking that you was Jim Drummond. You were bold enuff to think that you were somebody, & you got acquainted with me that way. Then you & I was married. Jim Drummond was a very rich young man, too. I cud have married him. But tell us about how you cuffed this man.

Well, when he wuddent git up for this pretty little girl I took him kind of gentel, by the neck, Pa sed, & yanked him out of the seat. But to show you the thanks that a gent gets for doing a kindness in this world, sed Pa, wen I was dragging this big fellow to the door & cuffing him at every step, the little girl with the violet eyes sed so loud that I cud hear it. "I doant think that they ought to let two men in that condishun sit on the Subway." Can you beet that? sed Pa.

No, my noble hero, sed Ma. I cannot beet that. I was only wondering with one of you on the worst of the argument, you or the one that you sed you cuffed, who's sit sum now beft take around the corner at the bur-

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